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A Dolls Family Album



EDNA KNOWLES KING



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A DOLL'S FAMILY ALBUM



A Doll's Family Album

By EDNA KNOWLES KING



Illustrated with 105 Photographs

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To
DELLA MCGREGOR

whose encouragement has been a constant source of inspiration to me; and to Nora Brink, ten years old, my most fearless critic.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgment is made to my husband, who did all of the photography. And to my grandmother, whose excellent memory was a great aid in my research.

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I am indebted to Della McGregor for the opportunity of showing the beautiful doll bed that she brought from Brittany, and to Nora Brink, whose Scotch Charlie is shown.

Further acknowledgment for permission to photograph their dolls is made to the Ideal Novelty and Toy Company, manufacturers of the Shirley Temple and Western cowboy dolls, and also of Snoozie; to Madame Alexander of the Alexander Doll Company, the sole manufacturer of the Dionne quintuplet dolls, Little Women, and the boy doll referred to as Sergei; to Messrs. Fleischaker and Baum, manufacturers of the Dy-Dee Doll, Betty Bee and Tousle Head; to the American Character Doll Company, Inc., manufacturers of the rubber doll that changes his expression and which I speak of as Alfred Daniel, and also manufacturers of the doll Sally; to Rose O'Neill for the Rose O'Neill dolls; and to the Saalfeld Publishing Company, holders of the Shirley Temple book rights.

Georgene Averill was most gracious in permitting the photographing of Georgie and brown-eyed Jamie.

And last of all, I am indebted to little Peggy O'Brien, who let me photograph Rosalind, when my own Rosalind was in the doll hospital recovering from an accident.

Edna Knowles King.



ABOUT MRS. KING AND HER DOLLS

Have you ever wondered what becomes of the old dolls that little girls have loved and then outgrown? Many of them are broken or lost or burned up or thrown away. This is a sad fate for a doll which has been kissed and cherished, put to bed and taken to tea parties by a once-loving mother. A lucky few of these old dolls have been treasured by the grown-up girls who owned them, and passed on to a second generation of little daughters. Perhaps that is the nicest fate which an old doll could have, but many are not so fortunate. If they have been saved at all, they are hidden away with torn frocks and dirty faces in dusty attics or old trunks.

Forgotten dolls have one good friend. Her name is Edna Knowles King, and she has turned her lovely house into a sort of doll heaven. If you

should go to call on Mrs. King, you would be greeted by a dignified lady doll, almost as large as a child, who sits in her own chair by the fireside. She is a lady of 1860, and the shy smile, which she gives you from the shadow of her plumed bonnet, tells you how happy she is to have been rescued from her attic. As you look about Mrs. King's living room you will see that there are lots more beautiful old dolls smiling at you from shelves and chairs. But you will soon discover that these are only a few of the many, many dolls which live upstairs and downstairs, in cabinets and drawers and closets in Mrs. King's house. There are old dolls and new dolls, big dolls and little dolls, boy dolls and girl dolls, and dolls of all nations—nearly two thousand in all—and like a true mother, Mrs. King loves every one of them.

You can readily see that, while this is a paradise for dolls, it is also a paradise for little girls. Wouldn't you love to live next door to Mrs. King? The next best thing is to see the beautiful photographs which Dr. Joseph T. King makes of the dolls. My little girl and I have enjoyed them for a long time, and we are both very happy to know that they have been made into a book for the enjoyment of children all over the country. It is a pleasure to have a small share in introducing Edna Knowles King and her numerous family to doll lovers everywhere, and to wish her success with her family album and the many other doll picture books which should come after it.

Carol Ryrie Brink



A DOLL'S FAMILY ALBUM

This is the Shirley Temple Doll, the best known doll in the world. Children in every part of the world know her and love her.

This darling looks very much like the real Shirley Temple. She has dimples like Shirley and her hair and eyes are the same color. Shirley was the first doll to have hazel eyes.

Like Shirley Temple, the Shirley Temple doll has a great many dresses. Many of these are like Shirley Temple's. The doll has a red polka dot dress with puffed sleeves, a light blue, a yellow print, a silk dress with a velvet jacket for best, a frilly pleated dancing frock, a Western cowgirl suit and a white sailor suit like the one Shirley Temple wore in the movie "Captain January."



This is William Z. Meadowbrook, Junior, Billy for short. Billy has another nickname and that is Snoozie, for he is such a sleepy little fellow. It seems that he is either fast asleep or yawning all the time. And how he cries if his leg gets pinched or he falls. He makes an astonishing amount of noise for a baby doll.



This is Otto, the Wonder Doll. In 1910 when Otto was brand new, everyone that saw him wondered about him. They wondered what nationality he was. They wondered how a doll could be so homely and yet so cute. But most of all, they wondered how a doll could look so much like a real baby. And so he became the Wonder Doll.

Otto wears a pretty bonnet made of pink china silk and trimmed with baby ribbon.

The garment that he is wearing is called a gertrude. It is made of fine white flannel embroidered in pink. The gertrude is made without sleeves. A pink silk guimpe is worn under it. Guimpes are short waists. His bootees are pink and white also.

Otto has blue eyes and blonde hair.



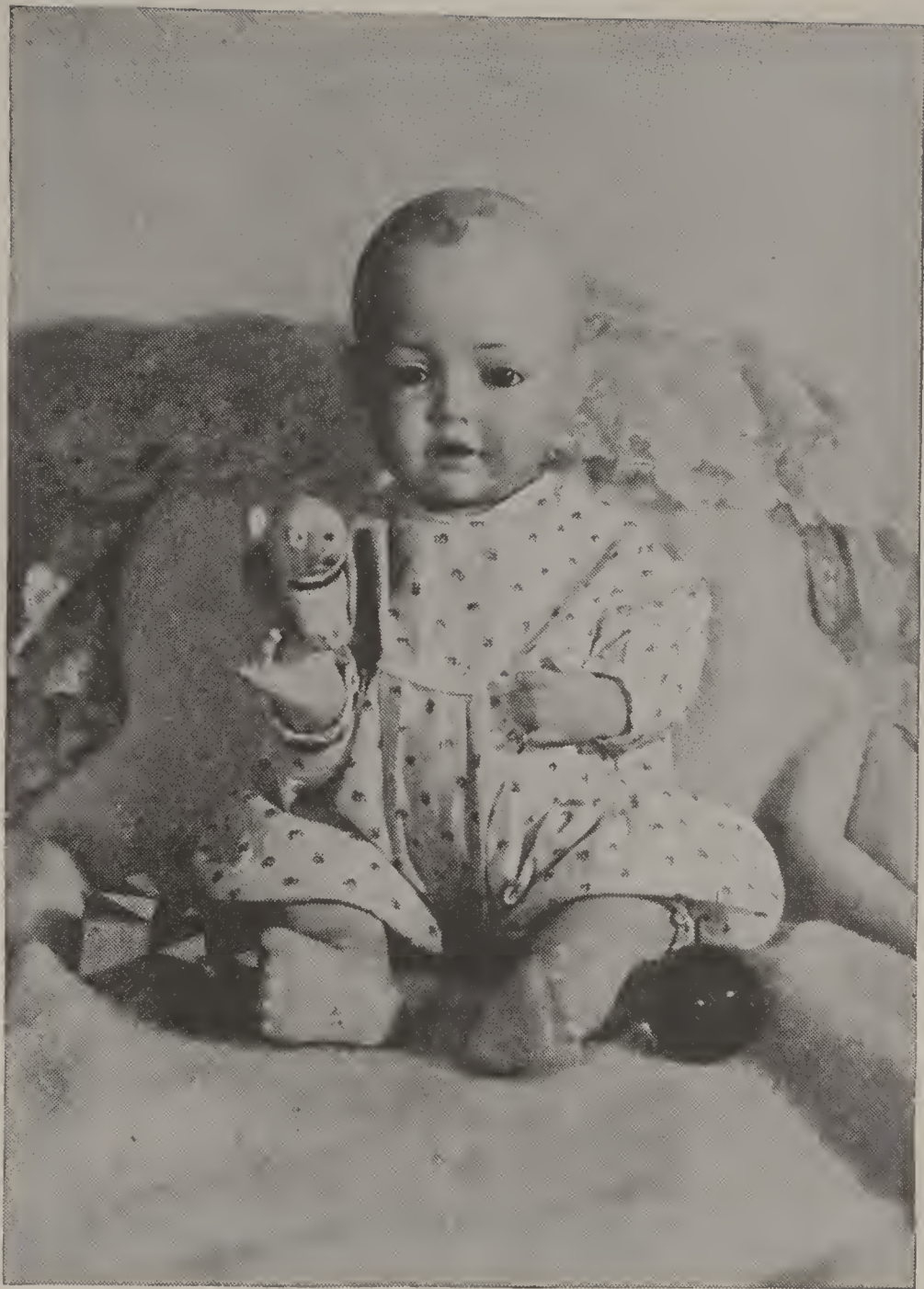
At first glance, this looks like a photograph of Otto taken when he was crying. But it is not. It is a snapshot of Otto's cousin Gretchen. She is younger than Otto.

As one might guess from her name, Gretchen is of German ancestry. She has darker blue eyes than Otto's. Her hair is brown.

Gretchen's Irish crochet bonnet is made of *écru* silk thread. It was given to her when she was six months old.

Her pink and white plaid blanket is soft and warm enough for a baby.

Perhaps the reason Gretchen cries so much is that she is going to cut some teeth.



Joseph is a good boy and sits very still, so it was easy to get a photograph of him. He has many toys to play with—blocks, a glass ball, and a rubber dog named Spot. It is Spot that he is holding.

Joseph has a dozen pairs of rompers. He has a pair made of white linen with his initial embroidered on the front in blue. He has some that are pink and white and some that are blue and white checked linen. He has others that are yellow, and he has one red suit. And that is not all, he has blue overalls besides.



And here are the Taylor twins, Andy and Sandy. They are American through and through. This photograph was taken one Saturday night nearly two years ago. At that time, Andy had two teeth and Sandy four. The difference in their teeth made it easy to tell them apart.

Like all small boys, the twins enjoy playing in the water. Fortunately, they can stay in the water all day without it hurting them in the least. They have never been known to catch cold. They have a tough, rubbery skin that doesn't chap.



John, the doorstep baby, was left on Ann's doorstep on Christmas Eve years ago. Ann was helping trim the tree when there was a ring at the door.

All excitement, Ann flew to the door. When she opened it she saw fresh tracks in the snow, and this pretty baby in the old-fashioned basket. There was a note pinned to his blanket. It read, "Please give me a home. I am an orphan." So Ann did.

When Ann lifted John out of his basket, she found a large box wrapped in tissue paper and tied with silver cord in the bottom of the basket.

"What is in this?" Ann asked, holding it up enquiringly.

"Why not open it, dear, and find out?" said Ann's mother.

Ann slipped the silver cord off carefully so as to save it. And there in the pretty white box was a complete layette. And all of the things were just the right size for John to wear.



This is the way that Shirley Temple Doll looked
at the age of two years



More twins! John and Mary this time. John was given his mother's watch to hold to keep him quiet while the photograph was being taken. Mary sat so still that they didn't need to give her anything to play with.

The large beads that Mary is wearing are like those that babies wear when they are teething. There are beads of nearly every color on the string.

Mary's little dress and bonnet are made of pink silk.

John's suit is made of blue and white cotton goods.

The tiny watch is from Switzerland. Beautiful watches have been made in Switzerland for generations.



Babies never seem to know what article of clothing should go on first. Here is Jean Marie putting her bonnet on first when it should go on last. What a funny bunny she is. She looks as though she thought she would be all ready to go if she could get that bonnet on.

But Jean Marie must wait until she is properly dressed before she may go out-of-doors. When she has her underwear on, her little skirt and dress will follow. Her bonnet, and the woolly, blue snowsuit that just matches her eyes and her white overshoes will go on last of all.



This is Georgie with his dog, Pal. Georgie is very fond of Pal. The first thing that he does each morning is call Pal and give him a "Good morning" pat. And the last thing that he does in the evening is to see that Pal is comfortable. Then he says "Good night," and goes to bed.

The dark-eyed baby playing in the sand with Georgie is Rose, a little friend. What large, dark eyes she has.

Pal was away burying a bone in the sand when this photograph was taken.





This is a close-up of Rose when she was a baby. She always has been the sweetest little thing. Everyone who sees her loves her.

She is as pretty as a rosebud in her pink and white things. Bonnet, jacket, dress and bootees are pink and white.

It is fun sewing for a baby doll like Rose.



© Rose O'Neill

Here is a jolly little fellow. His name is James, although he is often called Jimsie or Scootles. He is a playful boy.



© rose O'Neill

This is a rear view of Jimsie. He can do tricks better than any of the other dolls. He can balance a basket on his head almost as well as a circus clown.



This little brother and sister look very much alike. The little girl's name is Betty Bee and the brother's name is Gregory, although he is often called Tousle Head.



Here is Alfred Daniel, a doll of a different sort. He is a wonderful baby, because he has never been heard or seen to cry. He smiles most of the time. Sometimes he makes his lips into a round O, as though he were going to try to whistle. Once in a long while he pouts, but never, never does he cry.

Alfred Daniel looks the happiest when he is riding on his kiddy car.



Alfred Daniel seems to know how to ride his kiddy car as well as any small baby. He puts his feet out to work it and he steers as well with one hand as he does with both.

Although Alfred Daniel wears very little clothing in warm weather, he has a knitted suit and overshoes for winter wear. It is a red suit. There is a little cap and a sweater and leggings. His overshoes are black.



This is another photograph of Gregory. In this one his rompers show much better than in the other one. The suit is made of pink. The collars and cuffs are white. All of the embroidery and smocking was done by hand.

His A B C blocks are the smallest size made.



This fuzzy-haired little fellow is Sergei, a little New Yorker. In spite of his foreign sounding name, Sergei is American. His mother's parents came to this country from Russia years ago. That is how it happened that he was given a Russian name.



Norway is Rolf's native land. He came to this country when he was less than a year old. Rolf is a large boy for his age. He wore size two-year clothes when he was only a little more than a year old. The outfit that he had on when the photograph was taken was given to him in Norway. It is made of red and white corduroy.

Rolf makes friends easily. Everyone is attracted to him because he looks exactly like a well-behaved baby boy.



Rosalind is a regular Dy-dee baby, for if she is to be well cared for, her little square pajamas have to be changed whenever they are wet, just as babies' pajamas do.

Rosalind drinks her milk eagerly like a hungry baby, too. When the bottle is filled and given to her, she empties it quickly as though it tasted good. When she is drinking she makes a low, contented sound just as real babies do when they eat.

There must have been a fairy godmother present at Rosalind's christening party, one that could give the gift of happiness to baby dolls, for Rosalind always looks so happy.

Yvonne! Annette! Cecile! Emilie! Marie! The famous quintuplets of Doll Land.

Notice that each little sister wears a tiny gold name plate on a gold chain around her neck. One can tell at a glance which sister is which.

While the dresses and bonnets look alike in the picture, no two are alike in color. One is blue and one rose, one green, and one orchid, and the remaining one yellow.

The dresses and bonnets are made of organdy trimmed with a dainty edging.

The sisters had some of their toys with them when they were at the photographers. One had a doll. Two others had a Teddy bear. The remaining sisters had a big doll carriage and their very largest doll. The carriage has a special cover crocheted by hand and trimmed with a big blue bow.

The little sisters look alike and yet they do not look alike. Their noses and mouths and eyes are alike, but their expressions differ. In this photograph, Yvonne looks as though she felt bashful. Annette looks straight in front of her. Cecile seems pleased to have her photograph taken. Emilie appears tired, and Marie surprised.





The air was cool the morning that this photograph of Lloyd was taken, so he was wearing his little blue shirt under his sun suit. This suit is his very best one. The Big Bad Wolf and the Three Little Pigs are stitched onto the front of the suit.

Lloyd had company at breakfast that morning. He had two little birds and his favorite doll Jimmy. Jimmy was not much interested in eating, though. He seemed to prefer to lie on his back and look up at the clouds.



Here is brown-eyed Jamie showing his two teeth in a big smile. While two teeth are not much help in eating, they look better than no teeth at all. And when they are a baby's first teeth they are thought to be quite wonderful by the family.

Jamie was wearing his first pair of trousers the day this picture was taken.



This is June in her best dress. She is pretty enough to be a flower girl at a doll wedding. Her dog's name is July. She was named July because July follows June and the doggie follows June.



Sister Marie Cecile is from that quaint Canadian city, Quebec. She is dressed as an Ursuline nun. Nuns are often spoken of as sisters. The Ursuline sisters are teachers.

This doll is not the first doll to be dressed like a sister. Away back in 1743 a little French girl, the daughter of a M. Mahon, had her portrait painted holding a doll dressed as a sister.

Far in the distance one can see the shadowy outlines of the little Catholic school where Sister Marie Cecile teaches.

Here is a knight! He is a Maltese knight from the Isle of Malta, a stronghold in the Mediterranean. When knighthood was in flower, the knights belonging to the order of St. John of Jerusalem ruled the island.

This fellow is dark and handsome; every inch a knight. When he moves, his shining armor clanks delightfully.

So splendid a knight should dwell in a castle. If a castle were built for him, it should be a huge affair, at least twelve feet long and high and wide. Preferably, the castle should stand on an island in the center of a lonely little lake hidden away in the wilderness.

Such a castle should be surrounded by a moat. There should be but a single entrance, and that over a drawbridge.

On fair days bright flags should fly from the turrets.

Within the castle everything should be in keeping. A tapestry should brighten the somber wall of the great hall. Down the center of the room there should be a long oak table and benches. And there should be a fireplace blackened with the smoke of countless fires.

There should be a stable with sleek black chargers carved of wood and black and white cows with their spots painted most carefully. And there should be living quarters for loyal retainers. And a scullery in charge of a pretty scullery maid. And there should be cats to sleep by the fire and dogs to bark an alarm. And best of all, there should be a rose bower for a lovely lady doll named Isabella.



Aimée is French. She was adopted by an American family living in Paris in 1904 and came to this country the next year. The name Aimée means beloved. Aimée's middle name is Aurelia. She was given that name because it means golden and she has beautiful golden hair like Goldilocks.

The dress that Aimée is wearing was made for her in 1904. Many little girls and their dolls had dresses like hers in those days.



Aimée is as tall as most babies are when they are a year old. Her hands and feet are very small, though. They are not nearly as large as a baby's.



In the part of France that is called Brittany, the beds are like cupboards. Even the doll beds are like that. They are beautifully carved and quite comfortable when one gets used to them.

Often long, low chests shaped like cedar chests are placed in front of the beds. Extra quilts, pillows and feather beds are stored in these. If there is a baby in the family, its carved cradle is set on top of the chest at night so that it will be close to its mother. As there was no baby in this Breton doll family, the big brass candlestick was set on top of the chest in place of a cradle.

Years ago Louisa M. Alcott wrote a story book called "Little Women." The book has been a favorite ever since. The story was about four sisters—Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy March. These modern dolls are dressed to look like the sisters. Amy, the youngest sister, stands in front of the piano. She was the one that liked to draw and paint. Meg, short for Margaret, was the oldest. She was the careful, dainty sort that was never known to lose a glove or to look untidy. Meg stands just back of Amy. Elizabeth, nicknamed Beth, was the gentle little sister who was not well. She loved music and practiced faithfully on an old rattle-trap of a piano. At length, she came to play very well. She was the sort of girl who was never too tired to play when asked. One day Beth was given a beautiful, new piano all for her very own. In this photograph, Beth is seated at the piano.

Josephine, called Jo by every one except her cross aunt, is the doll with the apron. Jo liked to write stories. And she did very well at it. The hard part for Jo was getting up her courage to take her stories to the editors. She made herself go though, and she sold some of her stories.

The big cat sleeping so comfortably in the chair belongs to Beth.

The story of "Little Women" is a story of Civil War days. That is why this photograph looks so old-fashioned.





This handsome fellow is a real western cowboy. He is very jolly to have around, for he jigs and whistles as well as he plays the harmonica.



This is the most popular member of the Doll Baseball Team. He looks so much like Babe Ruth, the Home Run King, that everyone calls him Babe Ruth. He is a jolly fellow and always smiling.



© Rose O'Neill

This is another picture of Jimsie. Although he is not very big, he is quite an athlete. There he stands ready to catch.



Mickey, the doll football player, wears a suit much like those worn by the boys on university teams. His helmet is made of brown leather heavily padded inside. The padding is put in to prevent injury to the player's head. His heavy sweater is dark blue.

Mickey's dog's name is Spooky. He was named Spooky because he looks very spooky in the dark when all one can see of him is his four white legs, his chest and part of his face. Spooky is the mascot of the Doll football team. He brings them good luck. They have never been known to lose a game since they got him.



This photograph of Grandma and Grandpa Doll was taken on Ellis Island a few moments after they arrived in this country.

They are dressed as they used to dress in France.

Grandma wears a white bonnet and black satin waist, checked skirt, black silk apron and black silk mitts. Her shoulder shawl is black lace. The only jewelry that she wears is a heavy gold chain.

Both of these dear old people wear wooden shoes. Grandpa wears red socks, gray trousers, a blue velvet smock, blue neck handkerchief and a black cap.



This little doll with the three little braids is Topsy. Nearly every one thinks that Topsy is the cutest doll that has ever been seen. She looks as though she belongs in an Our Gang comedy. She didn't look very happy when this photograph was taken. Perhaps she feared that her dog Spot was going to take a bite out of her bread.



This is Peggy. She is crying real tears. But no wonder that she is crying. She was riding when the sled struck a bump and she bounced off into the snow unnoticed. Sue, the girl that was drawing the sled, didn't see what had happened until she reached home and then it was too dark to go back. Soon Peggy was cold as ice. Fortunately a friend came along and rescued her. The friend was long and low and as black as coal. It was the dachshund that lived next door.

Frau Kathe Kruse is a German woman who can make dolls out of cotton and cloth that look very much like real children. Jockerle is one of them.



Frau Kruse started making dolls years ago for her own little girl. The first doll that she made had a potato head and a towel body. (They say that little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice, so a potato for a head isn't so very funny.)

In Germany little boys often wear aprons over their suits. That is why Jockerle wears one.

His sandals are made of soft brown leather.

This doll was given to a friend named James, on his fifth birthday. James had a lot of fun with him from the start. The two often went places together. When James started to school and learned to paint and paste and cut, he made a little stage for his doll. Now he pretends that the doll is Freddie Bartholomew. He has changed the doll's name from Jack to Freddie. Lately he has been posing Freddie and photographing him.





Barbara is comfortably dressed for sliding. She looks like a little red bird in her red snowsuit, mittens and cap. Really, though, she should be wearing overshoes instead of rubbers.

The beautiful dog with her is Rin Tin. He was named after the movie dog.



Pat for short! Patricia for long! That is this doll's name. She was given the name because it is an Irish name and she has Irish blue eyes and brown hair as so many of the Irish children have. "When Irish eyes are smiling" sounds as though it were written about her. In spite of all this, Pat is from Germany.

Pat has a snowsuit, cap, mittens, and rubbers like Barbara's.



Violet is wearing the Teddy bear suit made for her when Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States. Theodore Roosevelt, often called Teddy, was fond of outdoor life, so his nickname was given to the little cloth bears that became popular at that time.



Bobby is a big fellow. Handsome, too. He has blue, blue eyes and the kind of blonde hair that never gets out of order. It is painted on his head. He didn't get his ruddy cheeks from drinking milk. His complexion came out of a can of paint. And his skin is like sateen.



Mildred is dressed the way little girls dressed their dolls in 1894. She wears twice as much clothing as dolls wear today. First, she wears a woolen union suit; next panties and underwaist, white woolen underskirt, two petticoats, woolen dress, apron, cape, hood, knitted stockings and high button shoes.



Paula is the name of this auburn-haired doll. She is wearing an outfit made for her the

Christmas of 1916. She was just entering her teens then, so she was dressed like a teen-age girl. Her coat is white corduroy. Her tiny wrist watch was her 1914 Christmas gift. It came in a box lined with rose-colored velvet. Wrist watches were the newest thing then.



When Frances goes for a ride in her sleigh everyone who meets her admires her. She has big china blue eyes; golden hair and two pearly teeth. Her clothing is dainty.

The pinning blanket is somewhat like a skirt and somewhat like a blanket. Frances wears it beneath her underskirt. And she wears her underskirt beneath two petticoats. There are dozens of tucks and yards of lace on her petticoats and dress.



When Mary Ellen and Gertrude take cambric tea together in the garden, they are such a pretty sight that all the little girls who pass, peep at them through the hedge.

Cambric tea, it should be said, is most excellent tea. It is made by filling a cup almost full of milk. And then a teaspoonful of tea is poured in. And the cambric tea is sweetened to taste. There are all sorts of good things that should be served with cambric tea: muffins, thin bread and butter sandwiches, gooseberry tarts, plum tarts, cinnamon toast. Cambric tea is what the little English princesses drink when they play tea party in the royal garden.

Mary Ellen is the brown-eyed blonde. Gertrude is the blue-eyed brunette. Mary Ellen wears size four-year old dresses and Gertrude still larger.

The dress that Gertrude is wearing is as pink as the hollyhocks behind her. It is made of a material called lawn. She wears long white lace stockings, the sort that was fashionable when she was young. That was nearly forty years ago.

Mary Ellen wears a pale blue silk dress, socks and black patent leather slippers. Her things are new.

She is wearing her daisy chain necklace. The necklace looks as though it is made of daisy blossoms strung on a long piece of grass, but it is small blossoms made of beads.





Antoinette came from France years ago. Like the stylish girls and the fine ladies of her day, her ears were pierced so that she could wear earrings. When she lost her earrings a friend gave her a pair that had been sent to her from the Philippine Islands during the Spanish-American War. They had come from an American soldier stationed there. They are delicate flowers made of small paper-thin shells.

There is just enough natural wave in Antoinette's lamb's wool hair so that it is pretty all of the time.



Brown-haired, violet-eyed Johanna is from Germany. She is not nearly as old as Antoinette. In Germany there are many little girls who have dolls like Johanna.

Johanna has worn out the few clothes that she brought to this country with her so she wears American clothes now. Her long braids were so hard to care for that she was taken to a barber who gave her a fashionable bob.

Apparently Johanna became excited when she had her picture

taken for she gave a big jump off of the table and landed on the floor in a heap. Luckily no bones were broken.



One has to look very closely to see what it is that Aunt May is looking at. It stands just to the left of the tree. It is an unusually large cinnamon Teddy bear.



It was twenty-seven years ago in France that Marie was adopted by an American girl. She was brought to this country to live. Before Marie left her native land, she was given a new outfit of clothes in Paris. Such hats! Such frocks! Five yards of lace and insertion were used on her underthings alone. New earrings were bought for her. And white satin slip-

pers tied with satin bows. And kid gloves. What a pity that the gloves were lost on the trip over from France.

Here is a photograph of Aunt May and her children, Mildred and Baby Lila. Mildred is wearing the same woolen dress that she was wearing under her big cape in the photograph taken out-of-doors. How straight she stands. Almost as though she had a brace behind her to hold her just so. Perhaps she did have. Old-fashioned photographers often used braces to help people stand perfectly still while the photograph was being taken.

Aunt May is a very stylish lady doll. Her large hat is made of rich purple velvet trimmed with black jet. Her black veil is delicate and pretty. Her silk waist is made of changeable silk, rose, blue and purple. Her long black woolen skirt has a train in back. Her black sateen petticoat has a dust ruffle to catch the dust before it gets on her dress skirt. She wears high button shoes and long, heavy stockings.

Aunt May is very proud of her corset and corset cover. The corset cover is made of fine white muslin and richly embroidered. There are tiny eyelets around the top. A narrow pink ribbon runs through the eyelets so that the garment may be drawn together.

Aunt May carries her money and her handkerchief in a silver mesh chatelaine bag that hangs from her belt. She seems fond of jewelry, for she wears a silver link bracelet and a gold butterfly brooch.

Evidently Lila was afraid of the camera, for she is leaning against her mother in the timid way that babies do when they are a little frightened.



Wilhelmina came to America from Germany in 1900. Like so many German dolls, she is a blonde. Her pretty white woolen dress is trimmed with pale blue ribbon. The blue and white crocheted hat was made for her in this country. She wears high button shoes much like Mildred's. They are beginning to look a little worn, but she has done well to make one pair of shoes last thirty-seven years, at that.





Katy came to America from Germany when she was a young thing. She settled on a farm. Here she is with old Bess down on the farm.

Katy never seems to tire of the farm, although she has spent more than sixty years there. After all, she is the good, old-fashioned sort that likes to live quietly. Just to show how old-fashioned she is, she still clings to her red woolen underwear. She was wearing it when this photograph was taken, although it was late in June. She had a red flannel underskirt on, too.

The big sunbonnet has protected Katy's lily-white skin so that there isn't a freckle on it. Her eyes are gray-blue and her hair is black as a raven's wing.

This stylish lady came from France long ago. It was when Eugénie was empress of that country and she is named for the empress. She brought a trunkful of clothes with her. The tiny garments were made as carefully as though they had been made for Empress Eugénie herself. There is little doubt but what Eugénie's gowns were made by a skillful doll dressmaker. All well-to-do dolls had their own dressmakers in those days.

Eugénie had many accessories, too. She had a black, silk sunshade trimmed with lace, an ermine collarette and muff, a pair of kid gloves and a gold locket and chain.

Poor little lady, out of all that finery she has but two outfits left. Two outfits, her kid gloves and her gold chain and locket. The locket is just the size of a baby's finger nail, yet it opens like a big locket.

Eugénie's bonnet is shaped like a triangle. Made of blue velvet and trimmed with cream-colored lace, it ties under the chin with narrow, narrow ribbons.

Eugénie wears white stockings that have the feet shaped by hand. Her high shoes have gold buttons. The shoes are hand sewn and are marked "Paris" on the bottom of the soles.

Eugénie's head is covered with a mass of curls. These look as though they were curled around a slate pencil. Not one of the ringlets has come uncurled in all of these years. Evidently Eugénie had a permanent wave that was permanent.



Eugénie did not come from France alone. Her father came with her. It is he that is pictured wearing the high silk hat. From his dress and bearing, it seems likely that he has been used to the best always. His black broadcloth suit must have been tailored before the sewing machine was invented, for it is made by hand. The stitches are even smaller than machine stitches. The cloth has held its color well, although the black thread that was used in sewing has faded to a brown. His finely tucked shirt front and his silk hat are something to admire. His vest is made of a white, washable material. It closes with white buttons.

The gentleman's small feet are fitted with dark leather slippers. And he wears his white kid gloves all of the time. He has to, for they are sewed on.

His golden brown hair is worn long like a musician's. There is just a tiny bit of wave in it. All of the men wore their hair long at the time that he had his last haircut.

Eugénie must resemble her mother, for she does not look much like her father. She is light. He is dark. She has large blue eyes and he has small, brown eyes. She is tall and he is short.

The father must have come to this country empty-handed, for no one seems to remember his bringing anything with him.



When automobiles first came into use, it was the style for the owner to have his picture taken standing by his automobile. Usually the photograph was taken in front of the man's home or place of business. That accounts for this photograph of Jim Brady.

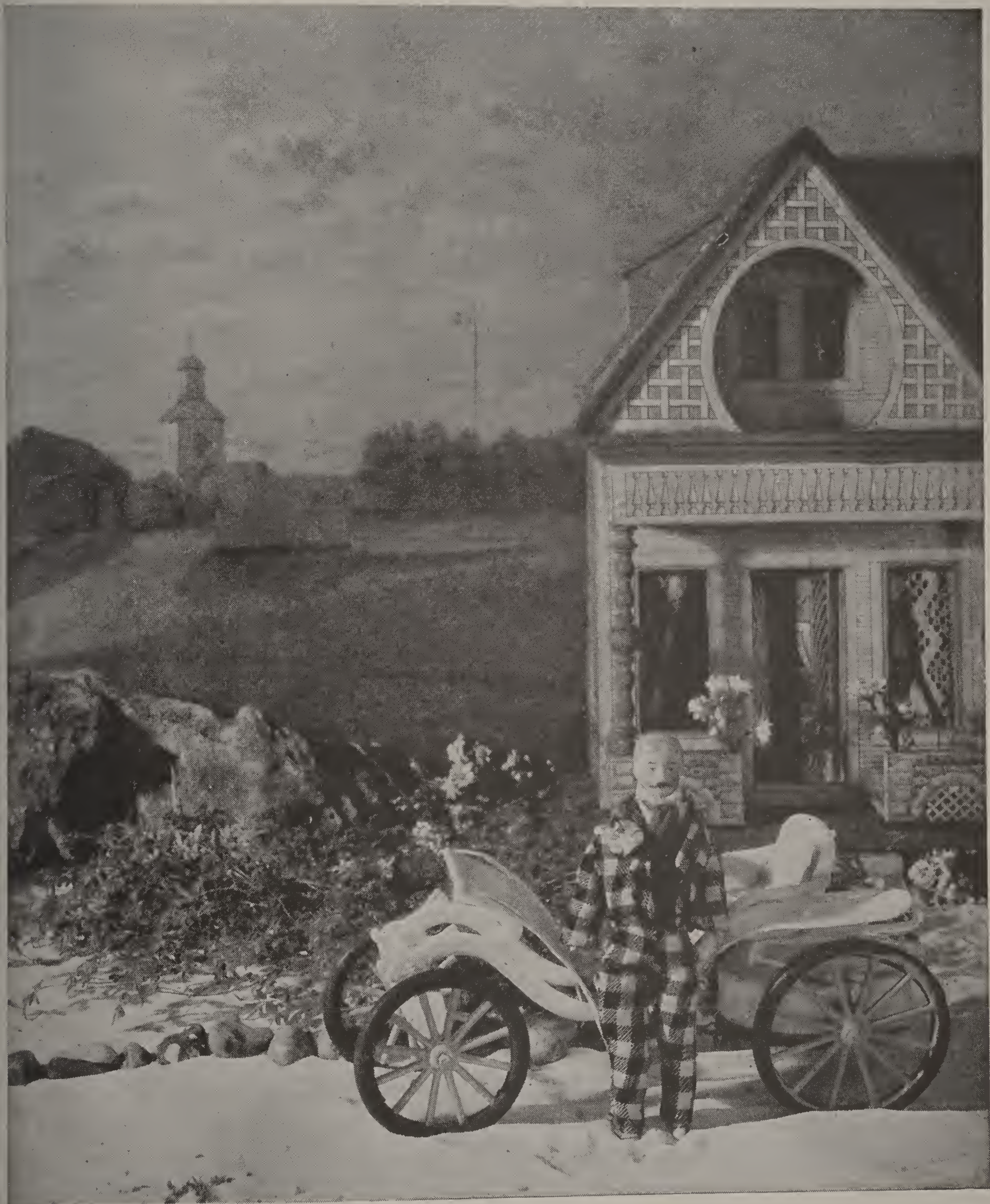
Mr. Brady, or Jim, as he is affectionately known to his friends, is fond of bright colors. His tie is red. His shirt is bright pink and his vest is green and black check. His suit is a bold black and white check. Jim is seldom seen without a bright flower in his buttonhole. Sometimes he has more than one. The time that this photograph was taken Jim was wearing a big red poppy.

Jim keeps his handlebar moustache waxed and curled. He has always been much admired by the other men dolls because he owns his own car.

Although the automobile is one of the early models, it is in good running order still. Give it a few drops of oil once in a while and wind it up and it will go at a great rate of speed. The car is painted white with orange cushions.

When Mrs. Brady and the little boy and girl go for a ride with Jim, all four wear goggles. Mrs. Brady ties her big hat on with a long chiffon veil.

The Brady home is small, but not simple. Not any of the houses built in the 1890's are simple. Although it was put up a long while ago, the house still has a charm all of its own. Many a doll would be glad to move into it and settle down and call it home.





Here is a gentleman who needs no introduction. The moment that his picture is seen his name, address and place of business are known.

Santa Claus looked a little thoughtful when this picture was snapped. Perhaps he was trying to make up his mind which doll should be given a Christmas toy and which one should get a stick.



Conrad must have sipped the waters of Eternal Youth, for he looks young in spite of his sixty years. He hasn't a gray hair on his head and his cheeks are as pink as ever. He certainly hangs on to whatever is given him, for he still has the pearl-handled knife that he brought from Germany years ago.

If dolls could talk they could tell all about themselves—where they came from and how they happened to come—oh, they would have a lot to tell, without a doubt. Now this doll might tell whether she is from England or Germany. Sometimes she looks as though on some past day she might have sipped tea in an English garden; and then again it seems certain that she is German.

Her hair is done just as Great-grandfather Shepherdson's favorite cousin, Evelyn Milliard, used to do hers more than eighty years ago. It lies flat on the crown of her head and ends in thick curls at the nape of her neck. Small curls that look almost like sideburns are brushed forward on her temples.

The colors in Evelyn's calico dress are somewhat like those in a Paisley shawl. The main color is sort of a brick-red with a little blue, black and white.

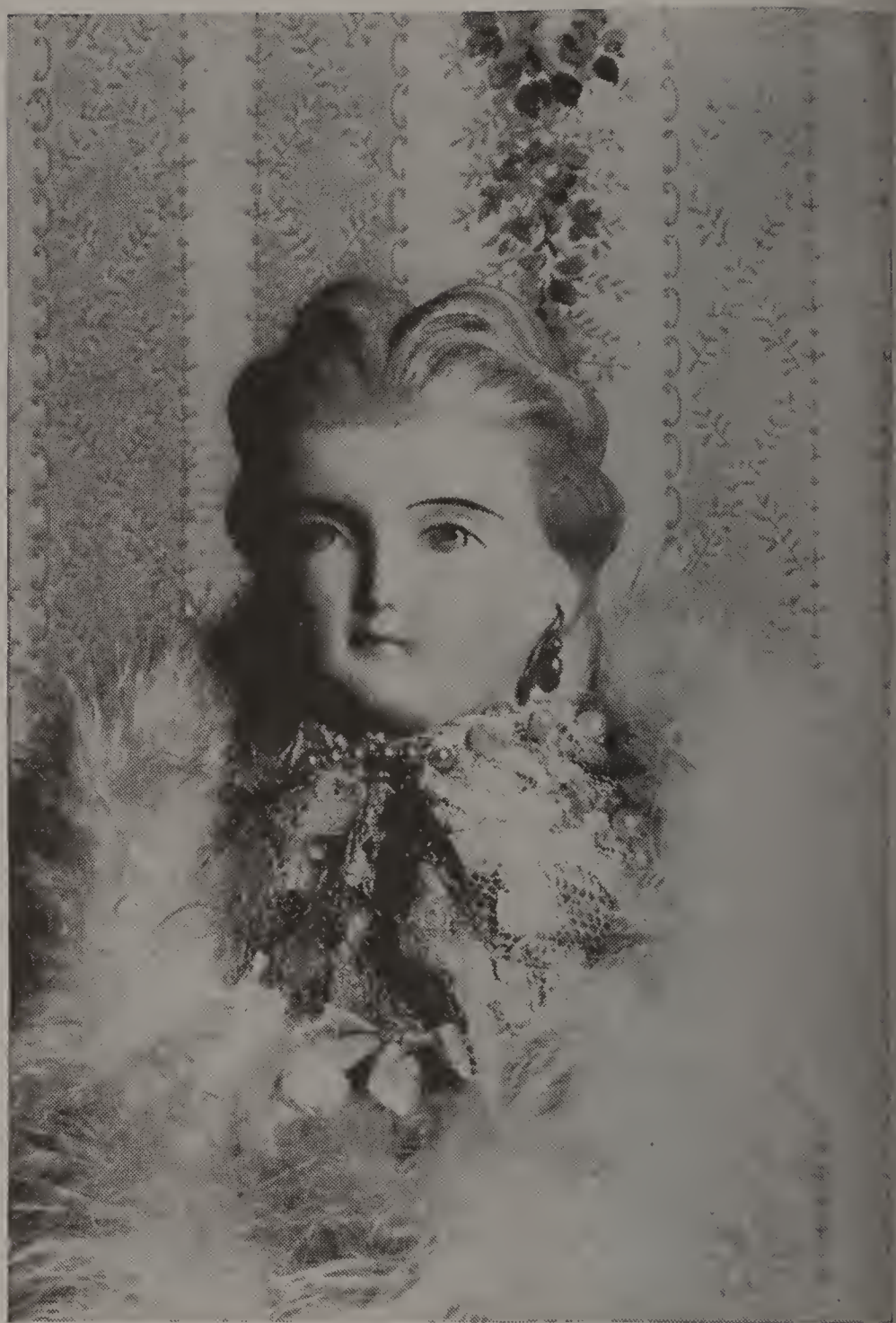
Evelyn's stockings are a deep rose. There is a pretty design worked on the front of each stocking. Her high lace shoes are made of blue leather. There are little blue tassels on the shoes.

Evelyn must have spent a great deal of time out-of-doors for the skin on her hands is exactly like brown leather.

Evidently she is fond of flowers, for she has picked a small bunch of wild cherry blossoms.



In the 1870's a farm woman and children came into a frontier town to spend Christmas. The mother wanted her children to have a beautiful Christmas, one they would remember always. She had a little money for gifts — a suit for the boy and a doll for the girl. The doll was to be as beautiful as a queen.

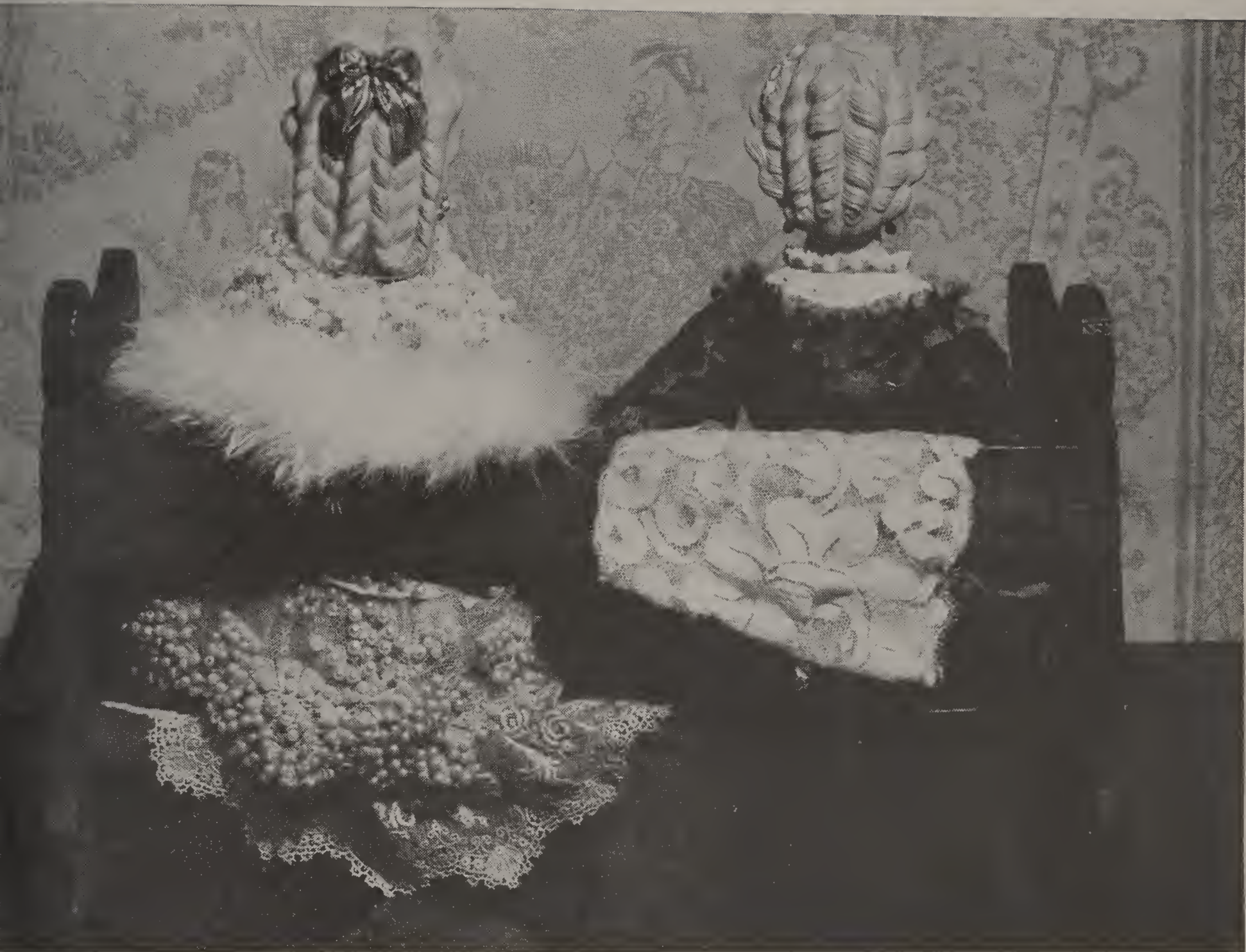


But it was late to be searching for so special a doll. Christmas was only a few hours away. The two stores were sold out. There was but one more place to look — a little music store. There sat the doll of their dreams — a Queen of Queens!

"How much is the doll?" the mother asked.

The shopkeeper didn't answer at once. He was thinking: "It seems only yesterday that this mother was a gay, kind school girl and I her teacher. Then she hadn't a care. Now times are hard. She fears she can't afford the doll. I'll let her have it cheap." And so he said to the mother, "The doll is one dollar."

Joyfully the mother paid. Joyfully she laid the doll in her little girl's arms. The child named her Charlotte Ann.



Here is a puzzle picture. Two lovely ladies are waiting for the curtain to rise and the Punch and Judy show to begin. Both have their hair done in the style of the 1870's. Both are pictured elsewhere in this book, but where?

The pattern in the lace evening wrap worn by the doll on the left is heavily embroidered with seed pearls. The other doll's wrap is equally exquisite. It is a scarf made of heirloom lace that is a delightful shade of ivory.

The name Claribel means brightly fair. This doll's beautifully arranged hair is so very fair and her dark blue eyes so very bright that Claribel seemed just the name for her.

Claribel came from Europe in the 1870's. She lived with a little girl in a little house within a few miles of the coast of Maine. Later she journeyed to the Middle West where she now lives.

In her day, Claribel must have been the belle of the ball, for surely no doll could have been more attractive.

Her hair is done in three puffs in front with a coronet braid around the head. Six long curls cover the back.

She wears a pink rose in her hair. It remains fresh and beautiful for it is made of bisque.

The lace edging around her throat and the ribbon bow where the lace comes together are made of bisque also.

Her earrings are a deep green. She has done well not to lose either of them, for she has worn them night and day.

Her tiny feet are encased in black velvet slippers.

Her gown is made of taffeta. It is a changeable silk that appears greenish-blue when looked at one way and bluish-green if held another.





Long ago these twins, Adeline and Adelaide, belonged to a Presbyterian minister's daughter. The little girl had two sisters, Stella and Elizabeth. Each sister had a doll. The three little sisters and their dolls used to have pleasant times together under the giant oaks in their yard.

There was a big barn back of the house. The loft was full of sweet-smelling hay. A cat and her five kittens lived in the hayloft. Once in awhile the mother cat used to join the group gathered around the doll tea table. She never brought the kittens, though.



This doll is beautiful enough to be bridesmaid
at any doll wedding.

Nell, the doll sitting on the lounge, came to Maine from foreign parts about sixty years ago. She made her home with the Eastmans on their farm near Limerick.

Her blue and white and tan plaid gingham dress is tastefully trimmed with cotton fringe. Her tight-fitting basque makes her slender waist appear even more slender. The full skirt has a flounce at the bottom.

Nell is a truly remarkable doll in a number of ways. She has the prettiest shoes that were ever painted on a doll's foot. They are a dove gray with a dark blue button flap.

Her style of hairdress is unusual. Rows of puffs cover her head.

Never in all the world has a doll or person had more exquisite petticoats than she has. There isn't a single stitch out of place in the beautiful embroidery. Princess Olga, who is standing, came from Sweden fifty-six years ago. She is Nell's little friend.





Hans is a German immigrant. What a strange fate awaited him here. He was to lie forgotten in a dark, dusty basement for more than fifty years. Rip Van Winkle slept the years away, but Hans just couldn't get to sleep, more's the pity. When Rip awoke, he found everything about him changed. And when Hans was brought out of the basement, what a changed world greeted him also. And how he did need a bath!

Hans dresses very differently from the boys of today. He wears a black velvet jacket over a white shirtwaist. And he wears a pleated skirt that is called a kilt. The skirt is made of a red and black woolen material.



Here is Hans' mother and his baby sister, Gertraud. The mother is wearing her best dress, a red cashmere. Gertraud looks much like her mother.

Gertraud is wearing her christening robe. When she is in her mother's arms and her mother is standing, the dress comes within a few inches of the floor.



Bonnie Prince Charlie and his sister Jeannie are as Scotch as Harry Lauder.

Just as it is in so many families, the boy has the curly hair and the girl the straight. There never were tighter sheep's wool curls than Charlie's.

Both Charlie and Jeannie have sparkling brown eyes.

Charlie wears a warm little red and black plaid kilted suit. His bonnet is black velvet trimmed with plaid.

Jeannie is dressed very much like any other baby of fifty years ago, except that her elbow length cape is as red as Red Riding Hood's.



Ida, the doll who is standing, was given to a little Minnesota girl named Ida Van Guilder by Bishop Henry Whipple on Christmas Day in the year 1863. The kindly Episcopal bishop thought that any little girl who came to Sunday school every Sunday rain or shine, for a whole year, deserved a beautiful doll.

Ida is dressed exactly the way that she was when she was given to the little girl Ida. Her tight-fitting bodice is made of deep blue velvet. Her embroidered net skirt is gathered over a pleated, pale blue silk skirt.

Her companion, called Alice In Wonderland because of the way that she does her hair, is about her age.



Drucilla has a pleasant way of revealing bits of her early life. The information can be pieced together from the scraps of newspaper found in her head. It seems that she lived on a farm in New York state in 1867.

Many call Drucilla Mrs. Abraham Lincoln because she looks so much like Mrs. Lincoln.

Drucilla wears a black velvet gown. It is made in the style that was so fashionable in the 1860's, a fitted bodice and a full, double flounced skirt.

Her only jewelry is the simple bogwood brooch that she fastens her lace collar with.

Belle means beautiful. So it seemed to be just the name for this beautiful china-headed doll. Her cheeks are the color of wild rose petals. Her brow is white as snow. Her eyes are as blue as the sea. What a shame that the skin on her arms and hands isn't satiny. It is like gingham, brown plaid gingham.

Belle's seventy years of life have been full of change. First, a long sea voyage to this country and then a year's stay in a shop. Next a home and a girl companion. Play days were followed by years of quiet in the attic. At last a new home, new dresses and a pet of her own, a gentle-eyed spaniel named Fannie.





The high bonnet that Edie is wearing was made for her in 1901. Bonnets like this were fashionable for little girls and their dolls that year. Most of the bonnets were red or blue. Edie's was red.

Little girls must have looked very strange, bob-bobbing along to school in their high bonnets.

Edie's full name is Edith Emily Juanita Skoosburg. Edie is merely the nickname for Edith.

Nearly everyone who sees Edie thinks that she is very pretty. Often people say that they think that she has a regular doll face.



Abigail Ruth is Edie's big sister. She was sweet sixteen when this green and white silk dress was made for her.



Alma is the mother of Abigail Ruth and Edie. She is the neat, comfortable type that it is a pleasure to be near.

Mrs. Skoosburg is a blue-eyed blonde like her daughters.

She always looks just so in her blue and white print dress that is set off so nicely by her embroidered collar. What a pity that her cameo brooch does not show in the photograph for it is an heirloom piece.

Usually Mrs. Skoosburg's little mending basket is full of mending or quilt pieces for doll bed quilts.

Hitty was named after the story-book doll, Hitty, that Rachel Field wrote about, for many feel that the dolls resemble each other. The resemblance must be slight, however, for Hitty was small for her age and this doll is large. She can look onto a table when she is standing on the floor.

Hitty came to Wisconsin in candlelight days. Undisturbed by tales of Indian outbreaks, Hitty led a peaceful life. Her clothes were made at home from materials spun and woven on the farm. Hitty had a little girl to play with and she seemed happy in a quiet way.

When the little girl grew up and left the farm, Hitty retired to the attic where she lived alone for years. Last summer the attic was invaded by young barbarians. At least the boys seemed barbarians to Hitty. They took her outdoors and hung her on a branch for a football dummy.

Fortunately a good fairy in the shape of a rosy-cheeked little antique dealer came along and rescued her. Hitty was taken to the woman's antique shop where she was soon adopted.

In her new home Hitty is given every consideration. On stormy days she sits in her high-backed chair close to the fireside, but in pleasant weather she ventures forth. Sometimes she does not go far, just to a neighbor's for a cup of tea to meet some people, or to a luncheon or a lecture on the university campus.

Of late Hitty has done a lot of traveling. She has journeyed east and west. She has ridden that swift



train, the Zephyr, and has been honor guest at luncheons. Entertaining a room full of sick children doesn't frighten Hitty. For Hitty, life began again when she was nearly one hundred years old.



Samuel, gay in his red jacket and striped trousers, was riding his velocipede in the parlor when this picture was taken. He got the velocipede years ago, even before bicycles were invented. He doesn't seem to tire of it, though. He rides it jubilantly in great curves whenever he is permitted.



Prim little Mary Lee began life in an old southern mansion in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. After living there the best part of her younger days she was brought North by her family. Part of the way Mary Lee came by stagecoach, part on a river flat boat and the rest of the way in a covered wagon.

Since her arrival, Mary Lee has never been home even for a short visit.



Blue-eyed, black-haired Margaret is a beauty. She was wearing her coral colored rigolette and her best Paisley shawl when this photograph was taken. The rigolette is crocheted of soft yarn and is trimmed with white beads that sparkle like tiny bits of ice.



This doll is dressed like the girls in the pictures that the English artist, Kate Greenaway, used to draw. So the name Kate Greenaway was given her. The long mitts that she is wearing are made of black lace.

Her coral beads were given to her more than fifty years ago.



Somewhere, some time, this boy doll had a home and a playmate. But where that home was or who was the playmate, no one seems to know. Probably the playmate was a boy.

Perhaps he has become an African explorer or a sailor that sails the seven seas. Perhaps he zooms into the blue sky or rides the rear end of a hook-and-ladder truck. Wherever he is, his doll is forgotten.



In 1894 many a stylish lady had an afternoon dress like this salmon-colored cashmere that Emma is wearing. Her vestee is made of real lace. And the dress was designed by the very best seamstress in the village.



Emma's baby daughter, Goldie, is the sweetest thing. She has blue, blue eyes and tiny golden ringlets no larger than a slate pencil all over her head. Her petticoats and dress are rich with lace and embroidery. Truly, her outfit is beautiful enough for a christening.

This pretty clothing was made for Goldie when she was only two or three months old. That was in 1898.



Jack looks more at home on sea than on land. He has "sea legs," so that when he tries to walk on land he wobbles and lurches as though he were on board ship in a storm. Several have suggested that Jack resembles Fred Astaire in the movie "The Fleet's In."



This man is dressed like the dandies of the gay nineties. He wears a celluloid collar, red necktie, horseshoe scarfpin and cuff links, pink shirt and tan shoes.

He has many personal belongings: a baseball mitt, a shaving mug, an ivory-handled cane, a watch, a heavy gold watch chain and a big brass bed.



Gustavus Wilhelm is from the heart of beautiful Sweden. This province is called Dalarna.

He is a gay doll in his blue vest, yellow buckskin breeches, red stockings and low shoes, adorned with gleaming steel buckles.

Christine is from the Sodermanland Province of Sweden. Her woolen skirt is bright

red and her apron green. In Sweden each province has its own style of holiday dress.

A number of years ago a friend filled a box with pretty things that he thought Alaskan children would like. He sent it to a missionary school there. The children were filled with joy when the surprise box came.

The teacher told the children she thought that they should write a thankyou letter to their new friend.

"Wouldn't you like to do this?" she asked.

The children nodded. One little fellow, the smallest of all, kept nodding his head up and down, up and down, like a mechanical donkey. He wanted his teacher to know that he wanted to do whatever she wanted done. He kept this nodding up so long that the children noticed it and laughed.

"See how he keeps his head going," one of the older children said. "It is silly, for he can't write."

"I don't want to write. I am going to send a box of gifts," the little boy said stubbornly.

The children shouted at this remark.

The teacher raised her hand for silence.

"That is a beautiful thought," she said. "We will send a box of gifts. We will put in fur bedroom slippers and a few of the small totem poles that the older boys have carved. And a doll. The nicest doll that we have." At this all of the heads began nodding again. And so it was decided.

And this is the Eskimo doll that was put in the box. Although he is not handsome, he is a very fine doll.



His outer garment is called a parka. The stitches in it are small enough to have been taken by a gnome tailor.

Astrid was dressed by a grandmother who lives in a tiny log house near the Hardanger fjord in Norway. All the long winter the grandmother dresses dolls to sell to the tourists the next summer. She enjoyed sewing for Astrid for she thought the doll looked like her grandchild, Borg-hild, who lives with her.

The grandmother trimmed Astrid's black, woolen skirt with red braid and knitted her red woolen stockings. She sewed colored beads on Astrid's bodice and cap. The beads sparkle like Christmas tree ornaments.





Jospo is from Lapland, that barren country that extends through northern Norway, Sweden, Finland, and into Russia. There the winters are long and cold, with only the twinkling stars and the pale moon for light.

Few of the Lapp children have dolls as fine as Jospo.

These dolls from Hungary are gay as peacocks. The boys, Istvan and Feri, wear red boots. Their aprons are trimmed with lace and embroidered in gay colors. Each boy's jacket glitters with gold braid and bright buttons. Both wear plumes and red roses in their hats. Truly, there is enough cloth in their big sleeves to make dresses for small dolls. Their accordion-pleated trousers are as wide as skirts.

Maria Theresa was named after a famous Hungarian queen. The remarkable thing about her way of dressing is that she wears eight petticoats. Little girls often used to wear an even greater number.

In Hungary these dolls belonged to a little Hungarian girl named Margaret. This little girl used to take the best of care of her dolls. She gave them good things to eat, cherries, apricots, peaches, apricot jam and candied strawberries.

When their clothing became soiled, Margaret washed it in a nearby stream, just as her own clothing was washed.

Margaret made feather beds and embroidered feather pillows for all three little doll beds. At night she helped her dolls to bed.

On Sunday afternoons Margaret often took the dolls for long walks, so that they could see other children and other children could see them.

Margaret was lonely for awhile after the dolls left for America, but now that she has a family of American dolls to care for and teach her the language, she seems busy and satisfied. Besides, she often hears from Maria Theresa, Istvan and Feri.



Alexander and Helen are from Greece. They came to this country to represent Greek dolls at the Century of Progress Exposition held in Chicago in 1933 and 1934. When the sunlight strikes Helen's spangle costume, the spangles are as dazzling as sunlight on the sea. Costumes like this are worn by women living close to the Mediterranean.

Alexander is dressed like the members of the Royal Guard. In Scotland his pleated skirt would be called a kilt, but in Greece it is called the "fustanella."





Freddie Schoenhut is of German ancestry, although he himself is American. Sad to say, although Freddie is a handsome boy, he is something of a blockhead. Perhaps that is only to be expected though, for his head was shaped out of a solid block of wood.

All Japanese love flowers. Girls are taught how to arrange flowers in school, for every girl must know the art of flower arrangement before she becomes a bride.

The Japanese have rules for arranging flowers, just as we have rules for playing games. One rule is that the tallest flower in the bowl or vase stands for Heaven, the shortest, Earth, and the middle-sized spray, Man.



Sometimes little Japanese girls try to teach their dolls the way to arrange flowers.

Nelly, the doll arranging the flowers, was given to an American girl, the daughter of an American missionary living in Japan, more than forty years ago. Nelly is the doll's American name.

No country in the world honors dolls more than Japan, where a Dolls' Festival has been held each year for more than a thousand years. The Festival lasts three days. It begins on the third day of the third month. That is March the third on our calendar.

The Festival of the Dolls is the happiest time of the year for the Japanese girls. It is then that the Festival Dolls are put on display. It is then that the girls dress in their best clothes and serve the dolls and the grown-ups just as though they themselves were grown-up hostesses in their own homes. It is then that the shops are filled with Festival Dolls and their belongings — furniture, cooking utensils, dishes, cakes and candies.



As the Festival Dolls are lovely and many of them very old, they can not be played with. However, every little Japanese girl has a play doll or two. These she may play with whenever she wishes. Kimiko is a play doll. Behind her in the photograph one sees the sacred mountain, Fuji.

Olga's mother used to live in Russia when she was a girl. Olga has never been to Russia, but she enjoys Russian stories. Every day or so she comes to her mother and coaxes for a story.

Last winter when Olga had the mumps, her mother was kept busy telling Russian stories. At length, the mother said, "Olga, if you will give me a rest from story-telling long enough for me to do some shopping, I'll surprise you with something."

"What will the surprise be?" Olga wanted to know.

"As if I can tell you and have it a surprise," her mother replied.

Olga was very good all afternoon. In fact, she lay in bed all alone, thinking so quietly about the surprise that she dropped off to sleep. When she awoke, the surprise was ready for her!

A small table had been drawn close to the bedside and on the table stood three new dolls, Russian dolls. Back of the dolls were trees and buildings. Snow covered the ground.

"Mother! Mother! You have made my favorite story come true—about the market place where one can buy anything from a pet goose to a copper kettle. You have made it into a scene, haven't you?"

Olga had a dozen other questions to ask. She wanted to know where her mother had learned to cut such marvelous Russian buildings out of paper; and where she had found the incense burner that looked so much like one of the little braziers that one filled with live coals and warmed one's hands over? And was the dog made of soap? And could she keep the dolls?

By the time all of Olga's questions were answered she had almost forgotten that she was sick in bed with the mumps.



This is blue-eyed, blonde-haired Klara. Like some other fortunate dolls, Klara has a trunk full of pretty things. She has a black velvet coat and bonnet trimmed with fur, a white fur coat and hat, a black fur coat and a raincoat and umbrella.

She has a pink dress with ruffles over the shoulders. This dress is trimmed with white lace and blue ribbon bows. She has a pale blue enamel watch to wear when she wears the pink dress and a pink purse besides. She has a blue dress and a red dress, and the white dress that she has on.

When it comes to shoes, Klara has four pairs. White slippers to go with her white dress, pink slippers to go with her pink dress. Tennis shoes to wear with her gingham dresses. And black slippers for rainy day wear.





Sally is a pretty doll. She looks like a smartly dressed little school girl in her red pleated skirt, red beret and red and white sweater. She seems to be very fond of the antique Indian dolls that she has beside her.



This little brother and sister are dressed like the school children who live in Baden Baden, Germany. There the boys wear short dark trousers, white stockings, vests, round hats and long coats with two rows of buttons down the front.

All of the little girls and many of the little girl dolls wear strange, high bonnets with ribbon streamers hanging down their backs.

Since these dolls have come to America, many a home has been opened to them. They are so quaint and cute that everyone who sees them loves them. It is doubtful whether this pair will ever become American citizens, for they seem unable to understand the English language, to say nothing of learning how to read or write.



They met in Versailles, Mathilde, the dark-eyed American girl, and the two French officers.

"Would you like to join our party?" she asked.

There was no need for Mathilde to say more. The officers were gentlemen of decision. They joined the party. They must be glad they came for they never speak of returning.

Dora Petzold is this doll's name. Germany is her native land. There can be no mistake, for she has her name and the name of her country tattooed on her skin just like a sailor.

Dora is such a big, lifelike doll that she looks more like a little girl seated in the midst of her doll collection, than she does like a doll. Perhaps if Dora should come alive, she would collect dolls. Who knows?

At any rate, Dora seems proud of the dolls. On her lap Dora has a rubber baby doll. Back of that is another modern baby doll. The two little sister dolls that are dressed so much alike, are from Czechoslovakia. The doll with the gingham apron, broom and white cap is a dried apple doll. Her face and hands are made from a dried apple. The dolls in front of the little sisters are from Russia. The little Russian girl is holding her scarf over her head and the boy carries a staff in one hand. An old-fashioned homemade Humpty Dumpty doll with a rubber ball in his middle, so that he can roll down a slope easily, sits on top of a box at Dora's right. Little Red Riding Hood stands near him. The dolly with the polka dot dress has her arms full of dolls. Little Boy Blue, a small china doll, lies near his sheep. The oldest doll in the group is the small, jointed china doll leaning against Dora's foot. Whether or not Dora comes alive, she has the beginnings of a doll collection right there.



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